Metamorphosis

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Metamorphosis

by ninayoshi

Summary

Strings of cult-like "bitching" rings has been popping up all over the country in recent years. Will is assigned to the case, but not to investigate the ring; rather, there is a vigilante that has been murdering the alphas responsible.

Problem is, Will really wants to be bitched.
—
Tags to be updated as we go along.

Notes

Welcome to one of the few fics that is in my mind, "problematic" to write, due to the nature of fetishising being trans. But literature and art demands Dead Doves, and I eats it.

Hannigram Kinkmeme Prompt: Basically bitching (turning someone into an omega) via fucking, the rest of it are a mix of how-bad-me-be kinks

Chapter 1

Will sighs, settling comfortably in front of his television, the familiar red-blue flashing of cop cars and sirens on screen the only light in his darkened room. It was well past 2 am, and his dogs are already snoozing fitfully at the foot of his bed, expecting their master to do the same.

The screen changes, and a reporter stands in front of a taped up crime scene.

Will immediately recognises it as the case he is working on. Preferring not to really think about it he began to empty the glass of whiskey he had, draining it dry. The slow lick of warmth slides down his throat, and his consciousness dulls just a little bit more, the pleasant buzz of alcohol now sits comfortably in his belly.

"... Attempted dynamic hormonal treatment, also known as 'bitching', was found at this site... Gone awry, three alphas found dead, no omegas were hurt..."

Will rubs his knuckles into his temple, closing his eyes. The words droned on, but the scene remained behind his eyelids.

—

10.43 pm, Stoke Warehouse, outskirts of Baltimore

"Three dead, victims alive but catatonic, although..." Jack starts, his eyes dark. They look over the new crime scene, abuzz with activity. Bodies being bagged, frightened victims escorted, evidence collected. Everyone is rightfully at their stations, and Will by Jack's side like a loyal bloodhound.

Will frowns, eyes wandering everywhere but never truly taking in what was happening. Jack catches him up with all the current information they have.

"No weapons, the betas- well, omegas now, traumatised and still under heavy sedation. Couldn't have been them. One alpha might have betrayed the rest."

Will shrugs, tucking his hands into his pockets, avoiding the biting chill. Autumn had come helter-skelter, its winds tousling hair and slicing faces. The air reeks of lost opportunities, among the screams. "It's hunting season."

Jack turns to him, both confused and annoyed at the vagueness. Before he could speak, Will clarifies with a mild huff of equal annoyance, as though he couldn't have been clearer.

"Turning of the season. According to old wives' tales, autumn is the best season to breed. Mostly coincides with the natural rut and heat cycles." He explains with a flat tone, not allowing Jack a word in about all this. Will's thoughts briefly drifts to being an Omega, bending over in pain due to heat cramps. The burgeoning neediness, the crossing synapses of

the brain allowed no other thought other than *breed* , *knot* , ***Alpha*** , and satisfy that deep-seated emptiness.

He *wants* it.

Will lets out a shuddering breath, shoving the thoughts away. He fidgets with his glasses, distracting himself from the knowledge that Jack is watching him. He continues nonchalantly.

“Converting new omegas in an enclosed area is simply *begging* to be caught. It’s like broadcasting pheromones via radio, and it draws in competitors. Any proper, thoroughbred Alpha will not allow this. Omegas have to have standards. These alphas are *trash* ,” He waved his hand over the body bags, and the people nearby all paused in their work to stare in shock. Will ignores them, continuing. “Bitching them for fun. To use and abuse them later.”

The silence thereafter is deafening, though Will should know by know it is the typical reaction given to his monologue. He readjusts his glasses once more, turning to leave before he overstays his welcome. His job is done.

Jack’s hand grips tight on his shoulder, a heavy, damning weight with all the authority of an alpha who wants answers.

“I need you to see who is behind this.”

Will shrugs him off, lips curling into a shape between a snarl and a smile.

“You’ll find him soon enough.”

—

Will leans back into his settee, groaning as he palms his crotch idly.

The television continues to replay the mugshots of the dead alphas.

Unworthy .

His breath hitches, hand dipping under the waistband. He wishes he could be slick, or enjoy the lust-crazed rut of an alpha. Anything, to give into biological impulses and not have to think about the *wrongness* of being aroused at the sight of such carnage. It is easier to give in knowing that it is instinctual, than to know that he desires this.

Only in the forts of his skull could he find reprieve. After all, betas get the short end of the biological stick. No heats, no ruts, just Will Graham and his filthy, sick fantasies.

Begrudgingly he removes the constant pressure of his hand against his cock in favour of the artificial slick at the side table, slicking up his own fingers. Even though this brand is marketed as a scent-free one, the smell of fake slick still hits him hard, reminding him of the things he does not have. Could not have.

He imagines himself already leaking, presenting for *that* alpha. The one hunting lesser alphas, breeding him again and again until he could taste the blood in the air, until slick and

blood run down the insides of his thighs, until nothing mattered except for that plump knot. He craved the pain just as much as the pleasure.

In the throes of his fantasies he had already plunged his slick fingers deep within himself, parting his boxers impatiently. He wants to be fucked and used like that, to become an omega that could experience the joys of heat, and the joys of mindless pleasure.

He aches for it.

It didn't take long for Will to come, hips jerking forward, fingers pistoning deep within himself. A loud moan spilled from his lips, worrying them with teeth as he rides out the final full waves of pleasure. Soon this would fade and turned into guilt, wrongness. He doesn't want to think about it's implications.

A dark stain grows in the tented front of his boxers. Will slumps back, withdrawing his fingers, and sighs.

—-

"This isn't sustainable."

The beta paces around the office. An itch bubbles under the surface of his skin, unable to reach it. The sensation surfaced often, ever since that night. Hannibal's presence does not temper the insistent sensation of been seen *through* like a pinned insect.

He shrugs it off. Must be that fabled oppressive alphan pheromones.

"The alpha that is slaughtering the pigs." Will's lips curl into a snarl, frustration pulling his muscles taut, to fight or flight. The number of bodies would eventually be this serial killer's downfall, especially if he had left any unwitting victims alive, albeit traumatized. The killer seems almost cocksure that he won't be caught, and Will is just as sure that he would.

Hannibal is seated across from Will, his back straightened as though perched on a pedestal. His expression is hard to read, a mix of rapt attention and the stare of something *more* . Will blinks and looks away, the seconds of eye contact far too overwhelming.

The silence was much more and Hannibal notes the pregnant pause as an unwillingness to continue further. "Pigs are certainly useful and complex creatures, almost human."

Will lets out a wry smile, rubbing his fingers against the calloused skin of his palms. "Almost. They are not worthy. Fucking anyone who wants it. Perhaps even anything that moves."

Good alphas, he wants to add, knows how to pick a mate and ensure they are to be cherished. Not to be bred like...

Will rubs a hand across his face. Hannibal looks on, his legs crossing as he leans forward, wanting to hear more, to probe without intrusion. Will responds wordlessly by leaning back, refusing to expose this side of his thought, a tangled slippery slope into fetishes and fantasies.

Hannibal *is* but a psychiatrist after all. His nightmares are being plucked and prodded at, and he wants to keep the last semblance of dignity and decency behind the fortress of his mind.

“Are you talking about the alphas, or the now newly christened omegas?”

His smile grows terse. It’s like navigating a treacherous terrain filled with unexplored landmines. Tread carefully, lest the ground is pulled out from under him.

He sighs. “Both, depends on who you’re talking about.”

“What about yourself, Will?”

Straight to the point. Now he scowls, brows knitted tight, as with the muscles within his gut and shoulders.

“Depends on my dynamic, doesn’t it.” He snaps. Despite the outburst, Hannibal’s answering tone is still smooth and calm.

“Which dynamic do you prefer?”

Will abruptly stands, gathering his bag and jacket. Hannibal had smelt blood and homed in like a shark.

“Goodbye, Doctor Lecter.” He makes a beeline for the door, but only lingers long enough to see Hannibal standing by his seat, sighing.

Chapter 2

Will's breath fogs against the side windows, the frigid autumn air piercing through whatever protection granted by the car and his clothes. He sits there in wait, eyes training on an abandoned farmhouse an hour away from Wolf Trap, and everywhere else.

The pattern is obvious to anyone who is willing to seek them out. Always a place out of the way, property that had either been abandoned or purchased recently, always by an Alpha, situated in the epicenter of a population with a large number of betas and few alphas.

He perches on his seat, staring at the warehouse, not willing to shift to a more comfortable position. His legs and arms cramps up from being immobile in the same position for hours on end, and yet he resists the urge to move. He lies in wait,

Anticipation coils itself around his stomach and neck. He knows Jack would disapprove of staking out on his own, but he wants to find out before anyone else.

Will wants to be bitched by them.

The tight sensation soon became a slow burn of arousal, and he clenches his jaw, willing his cock to stay down and be patient. Not yet. Patience will be rewarded handsomely.

Finally he sees movement amongst the trees and he tucked his head below the dashboard, peeking to see a group of five escorting someone who was blindfolded. If his nose is attuned to the sensitive changes of pheromones he would have noted the near-ruts these Alphas are in, to effectively and endlessly fuck the poor victim into becoming an omega.

He grinded the heel of his palm against his cock. He can't wait. He counts the seconds in his mind. Thirty seconds, enough time for them to settle the betas into their breeding bench. Enough time, when he gets in, that the alphas are in rut, and would barely recognise a stranger from another hole to be fucked.

He leaves the vehicle, making sure to take sure but steady steps. The gates were closed, but not locked; they would not bother with such trifling matters when they had already ensured no one would look into this place. Nervousness broil in his stomach, and Will worries his lips until he tastes copper.

He hears the first scream, from both pain and pleasure, and that defining yelping growl of an alpha in the throes of his rut.

"No, stop please, I don't want-" It is a woman's voice, but her voice is quickly cut off with a choke. He knows even without looking that she has a cock in her mouth from an alpha who couldn't care any less about her.

Will pushes the gates gently, just wide enough to peek in. There he sees, in a dimly lit empty warehouse, is the woman strapped in a breeding bench, and the alphas swarming her, fucking her, forcing her to become an omega.

“The harsher the bitching, the faster they become,” he mutters, palming his cock absentmindedly. A part of him wanted to watch, and wait for the serial killer to come around and put them to justice. Another part of him, the part that is taking pleasure from her pain, just wants to enter and let them use him when she becomes useless and limp.

Will mentally checks off a list of things to be done in order to be bitched as quickly as possible. It all boils down to this: soak in as much alphan pheromones as possible, be it through scent, blood, sweat or cum. Pain stimulates the regressed sex organs, further increasing the chances of a successful bitching.

His impulse won, and he finds himself pushing the gates open with a loud, sonorous groan, which made everyone of their heads turn. The woman sobbed in relief, but Will only tilts his head, smiling.

The alphas snarl instinctively, baring sharp teeth. Competition, they would think, but Will only bares his neck and raises both of his hands.

“Carry on.”

He sees the woman falls back in despair, a harsh wail muffled by a rough, veiny cock that fucks hard into her reddened mouth. The rest used whatever hole they could find, and whatever limbs they could fit their cocks.

Will cautiously approaches the busy group, for once grateful for the muted scent of his beta status. He could approach them without fear of being identified as a potential competitor. Rather, he presents himself as an offering.

He takes off his clothes, ignoring the way the woman looked horrified, and in so much pain too. He wonders if she would feel pleasure soon, as her body alters itself to suit the needs of the alphas. He hums to himself, trying not to look over eager as his fingers tremble with each button undone.

Finally, one of the alphas who got tired of the dissatisfactory handjob he got stalks towards Will. The alpha is almost the same height as him, save for the cropped hair and clean-shaven face. His deep red eyes raked all over Will’s naked form, and he licks his lips while staring brazenly at Will’s hard cock.

“Come here.” Will goes down on his knees, grinning as the alpha very nearly sprinted at him. His cock pressed against Will’s mouth, and the beta took it in greedily, breathing in the heavy musk. He hollows out his cheeks, keeps his teeth tucked, and lets the alpha fuck his throat.

Already he was beginning to choke, tears brimming full, and yet he tries as hard as he could, and from the practice he had with his toys, to regulate his breathing as much as possible, even when each thrust forwards threaten to batter his throat to a bloody pulp.

Will takes it all in, enjoying the lovely, feral sounds of an alpha who is enjoying his toy. Yes, this is what he is at the moment, as he allows himself to becoming nothing more than a hole to be fucked into.

He feels harsh fingers tugging the back of his head, holding him in place and feels each and every thrust forward painfully. It hurts, it fucking hurts, but it feels good, knowing at the end, he is going to get what he wants. And what he wants-

There is a loud snarl, and a gurgle of something, followed by the harsh scent of blood. Warm red liquid flows from the alpha using him as Will watches, dazed from the sudden change in rhythm, as the alpha's head rolled into the floor.

The body attached to his mouth jerks forward, a mocking attempt at what was being done a few moments prior, before the body fell away too.

In front of him, Hannibal Lecter bends down, his plastic suit crinkle loudly in the now strangely quiet warehouse.

"Hello, Will." The doctor smiles, his eyes rimmed with the same deep, dark red.

Chapter 3

Will's throat definitely feels tight now, not just because of the thorough throatfucking. He looks at the body of said person, a sick feeling punching through his gut when he realised he had not been decapitated like he thought.

It had been torn apart. Plucked so readily from between his shoulders.

Will falls flat on his ass, finally taking a breath he didn't know he was holding. His breathing sped up, until he feels like he is hyperventilating, dizzy with the knowledge of this particular situation. Hannibal Lecter is standing right in front of him, covered with blood, yet so terribly unfazed.

Hannibal Lecter is the one that had been hunting all these alphas.

The doctor stands upright, appraising the blood that now covers his protective suit, seemingly pleased that the red match wonderfully with the three-piece cobalt blue suit beneath the transparent plastic. He then sees Will, tilting his head as he stares. As though he just noticed the man on the floor, naked and shaking.

He is smiling, that kind of smile that does not reach his eyes. Will does not like that look at all. He feels like prey. Like a cat gently pawing at a struggling mouse, before teeth clamps around its throat. He takes a deep, deep breath, trying to dispel the suffocating weight of his gaze, but all he could taste in the back of his throat was so much blood.

He does not want to see the rest of the carnage, however futile that excuse sounds in his mind, empty and false. The blood looks like a dark red lake surrounding the surprisingly clean breeding bench. Each body, torn asunder, clumps of meat and bones litter the blood lake like island. An animal could have been mauling the alphas and he would not have told the difference. Why didn't he hear screams, or the sound of violence? Perhaps he was so enthralled by the prospect of becoming an omega he barely noticed? Or was he so tuned to violence that it was simply background noise to him?

The latter thought only made him shiver, its implication far too horrifying to dwell on. Because he already knew he wanted this to happen. He knows Hannibal would come.

The eerie stillness of the entire situation was broken only by Hannibal, who only went back to check on the now unconscious woman. Will decides then it's safer to watch him. Someone alive, an anchor, something real in this unreality.

The doctor checks her pulse, pushing open her eyelids while massaging a spot in her neck. His head tilts up, sniffing the air to scent, and he hums in approval.

"She has been transformed. Don't worry about her, the body goes into shock when traumatised. She is in a far safer place than you." Will does not know how to respond to that, only nodding dumbly. The surrounding bloodshed was supposed to terrify him, but that slow burning curl of arousal is still there, gripping him stubbornly. How ironically laughable. His

psychiatrist is here, and he's buck fucking naked in a warehouse full of dead criminals. He has no strength, nor courage to laugh or scream, not when Hannibal continues to stare at him like that. The hungry red-rimmed eyes of an alpha in rut, yet his demeanor betrays nothing of that uncontrolled lust. His gaze lowers, and Will's movement stutters between closing his thighs and revealing more of his condition.

"Interesting."

Hannibal stalks forward, sidestepping the blood with ease. Will crawls back, shaking his head.

"No-"

"You should have told me what you want," Hannibal purrs, though it sounded more like a growl, the sound does nothing to abate his fear and arousal. "I can give it to you. A thoroughbred high-status alpha like me could cherish and nourish you."

Will whimpers at that, his cock twitching in response.

Hannibal's smile only grew wider. Predatory. "And I could breed you like how you wished to be bred," He is so close now, his feet between his thighs. "I can give you my knot and my seed. My little-" He raises his feet just as Will opens his thighs further.

"Omega." Hannibal grinds the heels right on his cock. He cries out, trembling further.

"Whore." He thrusts forwards without shame, rubbing himself against Hannibal's protected shoes. The promise of an alpha like him, the alpha that had been hunting and showing how *powerful* he is, is more than enough to throw him off, coming with Hannibal's name on his lips.

He thinks he hears Hannibal's snarl in response.

Blood thunders in his ears, and he squeezes his eyes shut as Hannibal continues to roll his feet against his softening cock. The pleasure is rolling off of him in minute waves. Soon he will be oversensitive, but to have an alpha, Hannibal Lecter no less, do this to him, is mind numbingly good.

It becomes a little more than just oversensitive, and Will jerks his hips away, trying to remove himself from the pressure. Hannibal thankfully stops, wiping his sullied feet against the flat expense of his heaving stomach, before stepping off. Will lies flat, tired and overstimulated from the fiasco, and he wonders if Hannibal would just fuck him like this. Pliant and malleable, to be shaped as he pleases. Nothing more than a fuck toy. He sees the obscene bulge tenting against impeccably clean dress pants, and he reaches out to grab Hannibal's hips. God, his mouth waters at the thought of how big he would be, and how he can choke so prettily on his knot.

"Not now, Will. We will have to leave. You don't want Uncle Jack to find you like this." Hannibal pulls his hands gently away, before leaving briefly. It was weird to see him pulling what seems to be a luggage bag around, but of course he needs to destroy evidence. He

figures someone like him has the tools to clean up after himself, and it comes as no surprise that Hannibal began to carefully wipe away evidence that Will was ever here.

Will lets out a huff of amusement at how benign everything seems to be with the alpha. Hell, Hannibal even helped with wiping Will down, his previous alphan aggression faded to a distant memory. He is careful as he is meticulous, and Will should not feel a pang of *something* for a cold-blooded killer such as him. But here he is, having his pants and shirt tucked in by Hannibal, wrinkles smoothed out by large, warm hands.

By the time Will has recovered enough to compartmentalise that evening's ongoings, Hannibal had done what needed to be done with whatever evidence they (mostly Will's) had left behind. The doctor scans the area, leaving the perfect bloodshed and the unconscious woman to their own devices.

"Now, shall we go?"

Will grins, and follows him out of the warehouse.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

I didn't know where to stop so I guess this is just a teeny bit longer?

As they enter Hannibal's house, Will quickly glances around at the ostentatious furnishings and over-the-top garish colours, somehow clashing and melding into one vibrant set piece. He bristles automatically at the pretentiousness of it all as Hannibal drifts around at ease, placing the car keys, his coat, then Will's.

Hannibal paused as he takes Will's jacket, bringing it up to his nose and takes a deep lungful of breath. He closes his eyes to savour it like fine wine, but when he opens his eyes, the deep red returns to the surface, meeting Will's slowly disappearing blues.

"You are… Smelling me." Will's tone was flat, as Hannibal hangs the jacket, smoothing it down as he does so.

"Yes. Though I could smell another alpha on you." Hannibal seems unperturbed, though Will was sure Hannibal's rut has been triggered with the murders. His pathology may be pride, or an attempted simulation of one. Survival of the fittest.

Hannibal does that too-long stare of his, and that does not help with the fear-arousal building from within.

"Penny for your thoughts."

"Are you that impotent, to kill the other alphas so you could-" Will prods blithely, but he found himself flung into the nearest wall, pinned by a strong forearm, and an alpha baring his teeth.

"If you wish to play with fire, you have to live with the consequences, Will. As you know," Hannibal speaks without a lift in his cadence, as though he was calmly explaining a concept to his patients. "An alpha in rut is a dangerous creature to cross. But you wish to have me lose control, which I already did, when you had reacted in such a curious way during our session."

Will groaned as Hannibal pressed his forearm forwards, putting his weight into it. He could not speak, only dumbly listening as circulation slowly but surely gets cut off. He is getting incredibly dizzy, and still Hannibal continues.

"What a flagrant show of flirtation. You had already seen what I could do. What I could give you. If only you had accepted that transitioning isn't a taboo, it is simply becoming comfortable in one's own skin."

Hannibal's hips connects with Will's and both groaned as he grinds his erection against the beta's. They both wanted this, needed this.

"You… Never showed interest," was all Will croaked out before the darkness threatens to consume him, till the pinprick of light focuses in on the hungry look Hannibal is giving him right now.

"You never asked."

Hannibal drops him, letting Will struggle with his breath as sensations flood his cortex, massaging at his sore neck.

"Open your mouth, Will. We can't have a lesser alpha have the last claim to your body, can we?" The man looks up, licking his lips subconsciously as Hannibal unzips his pants. He immediately surges forward, manners be damned, everything right and wrong had been thrown out of the door ever since he entered the lion's den.

Will mouths at the prominent bulge in his underwear, massaging the clothed length with his tongue as his hands grip the meat of Hannibal's ass, feeling the well-tone muscles beneath cloth and flesh. The power hidden underneath, thrumming with virility and vitality. A perfect alpha specimen.

Hannibal lets out a purr, an approving noise to proceed with more. Will does so without question, tugging the remaining piece of clothing away. His cock was caught briefly in the fabric, it's wet head smearing precome in the underwear before it bounces up, standing starkly against the dark blue waistcoat.

"You're big," Will said breathlessly. The width alone would make his jaw terribly sore, and he is sure the knot would break it. He strokes the length, admiring the way it twitches hard against his calloused palm. He looks up to see Hannibal's lips parted in awe, his gaze turned fond. The doctor's fingers runs through his soft curls, almost sweet, until he feels fingernails against his scalp and was roughly yanked forward. Will barely had time to relax before a third of his cock had slipped into his mouth. Hannibal became relentless, pushing forward, deeper still, even as he gagged and clawed against Hannibal's hips, he kept pushing.

Barely halfway through and Will already feels the blunt tip breaching the back of his throat, his mouth opened far wider than comfortable. He tries so hard to be still, to breathe for Hannibal, but the more he tries, the more his body seems to tense, rejecting the huge cock in his mouth.

Will shakes his head, tears falling off his cheeks like raindrops. He can't, he *can't*.

"Be a good little omega and take it all in." Hannibal murmured, stroking his cheek, thumbing the shiny trail that his tear had left. He leaves his cock heavy and hard in Will's mouth, as the beta attempts to swallow around it. It takes him a good few minutes of shaky breaths and relaxation, before he nods.

This is the last mercy Hannibal grants him.

Hannibal grips the sides of his head, holding him firm, and fucks in. The wet slap of cock against drooling mouth, followed by Hannibal's unbidden moans and Will's choking noises, was loud in the large house. Will stares, unseeing, as he starts to drift from the situation, but a slap against his cheek stung him back to the awfully discomforting feeling of Hannibal's cock pummelling his throat.

"Stay with me, Will."

He does, his fingers flexing hesitantly at Hannibal's open pants. He starts to breathe in momentum with each thrust, finding it morbidly delightful that there is a good chance he could genuinely suffocate from not being able to swallow.

Hannibal wraps a hand around his throat, and for a terrifying moment Will thinks he might pass out if he even starts squeezing it. But the alpha simply rests his hand there, feeling his throat accommodate around his cock as he fucks in. Hannibal holds it there, sighing while Will frantically massages him through his throat.

"Good boy, sweet little omega." Hannibal breathlessly praises him, and Will whines, his air supply cut off for such a long time he is dizzy with the lack of it.

Darkness creeps in on the edges of his vision, and before long he feels Hannibal's cock pulse rhythmically on his tongue. Hannibal tilts his head back, groaning as he makes little aborted thrusts, feeding Will his cum directly down his throat.

Just as Will was about to pass out, Hannibal pulls himself out of his mouth, making him cough and retch violently as he catches his breath. It feels awful, but it feels so good to have that surge of adrenaline and oxygen straight up in his brain, his own cock pressing uncomfortably against his pants.

He takes in a few gasps of air, scrabbling to sit back on his knees, and looks up. The alpha himself is ruffled, to say the least. His hair falling over his brows, cheeks ruddy and flushed as they both catch their breaths. Will glances back at that sizeable cock of his, admiring the way it is still half hard and dripping precome.

Will shivers at the mere thought of Hannibal shoving it deep in his ass.

"Please fuck me," Will pleads, grinding the heel of his palm against his pants. "Bitch me, breed me, anything."

He sees Hannibal bares his teeth and was hauled over the shoulder, as he carries him deeper into the house.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Heyo sorry for the random mini hiatus, sometimes the horny comes to you at 5 am.

Will was unceremoniously carried up a staircase, round a corner, and enters an ornately dark and sombre bedroom. It is gothic yet aesthetically pleasing, Will notes briefly as he gets thrown onto the dark blue bed cover, just like the man prowling at the foot of the bed. Hannibal looks menacing; the only light coming from the lightly crackling fireplace behind him, lighting up the sharp angles of his bones and finely-cut suit that makes him more monster than man.

Suitable, really, with the revelations of that day still hanging heavy over them, and the dark look Hannibal is currently giving him while stripping away his suit. His person suit, his polite pleasantries, all fades away as he bares his skin.

Hannibal is flushed with arousal and rut pheromones, triggered by the need to fight for his right to mate. Will shudders as the alpha's lip curl upwards. Will is *his* , body and mind and whatever that is left after Hannibal is done with him. To be consumed, bones and all.

Will sheds his clothes as well, baring himself to the greedy look, having exposed his mind to his psychiatrist, and now his body as well. He wants Hannibal to destroy this sense of self he has left, and fill him up with something far better.

There is still some restraint left within Hannibal, though the alpha is as controlled as a leashed tiger, waiting for the leather to snap. He stalks over to his night stand, where he pulls out a heavy glass bottle filled with a clear liquid and hands it over to Will.

The label reads "Heat Scent - All natural omega slick". Of course someone like Hannibal would prefer nothing but the best.

Will pops open the cap and Hannibal growls while scenting the air. It smells like slick, nothing special, nor to his dull beta senses, but Hannibal would have scented the undercurrents of sweetness and prime breeder, even if it is a manufactured scent. He coats his entire hand generously, wanting to smear that tempting scent over his cock and ass, making himself even more irresistible to Hannibal.

Will wets his lips nervously, eyeing the alpha who had just begun to climb onto the bed and prowling closer, yet not entirely prowling over him like an alpha poised to strike.

"You want to watch," Will commented, voice trying to be level as his slick hand wandered southwards, holding his cock in a light grip, stroking slowly. At those words Hannibal's gaze

followed his hand, those red eyes simply taking in the sight.

“I do. Just as you enjoyed the voyeuristic nature of the transition, I enjoy your reactions to it.” Hannibal surprises him with coherent sentences. Lesser alphas would have succumbed to their own instincts, obsessed with rut. Yet here they are, both men wanting more, but circling around each other, waiting for the other to fall into the depths of depravity. Will knows he is lost by now, rolling his hips into his tightening fists. Hannibal soon follows in this dance, his own hand smoothing over Will’s abdomen, feeling every shuddering breath, every flex of abdominal muscle, every twitch of pleasure.

Hannibal seems to be exploring his body like a patient lover, but Will knows better. He is simply marking him with his scent.

I am his, tonight. He would ensure I am his forever from now on.

Will moans softly as his hand wandered past his balls, rubbing at his perineum briefly, before prodding two fingers at his hole. His legs spread open, far wider than needed. Hannibal’s attention shifts, as Will tilts his hips up.

An unspoken invitation.

He slips his fingers deep within himself, finding resistance despite his experiences, but nonetheless not too unpleasant. He squeezes his eyes shut, finding that perfect spot to-

His hand is yanked roughly away, replaced by the hot, wet muscle of Hannibal’s tongue.

“O-Oh-“ Will definitely did not expect that. He did not expect that it would feel this good so fast, as Hannibal’s tongue laves over his hole insistently, making low noises like he is thoroughly enjoying it. He looks down, the sight making his cock jump in excitement. Hannibal Lecter, between his thighs, nose buried deep between his cheeks, growling and moaning at the act of eating him out.

He reaches down, petting him with his slicked hand, smearing false omega slick all over him, and he feels him pressing so much deeper, his tongue penetrating him.

Will cries out and bucks his hips against Hannibal’s mouth, and his hand dared to grip at the fraying locks of hair, and he *pulls* .

Both of them moaned in unison. Hannibal’s own hands snakes between his legs, stroking and fucking into his own fists as he continues to fuck Will with his tongue, and oh how lovely it is to see Hannibal so utterly *gone* .

Will can’t last, not with all the tension returning to his cock, straining to cum with just his mouth on his ass and Hannibal touching himself to *this*-

Will throws his head back, his hand still holding Hannibal’s head against his body, and he cums, body releasing like a taut string finally broken. Pleasure wrecks his senses, then floods him again as Hannibal continues to make it last, this time with a finger rubbing at his

prostate, until Will whimpers and writhes, his hips moving in contradictory ways. Back into Hannibal, and away from the pleasure turning into pain.

When Hannibal finally allows Will respite, the beta was half begging for him to stop, yet he claws needily at Hannibal's arms. As though he was acting out like an omega in heat.

And Hannibal finally hovers over him, caging his body in his own, and sinks in without hesitation.

Will wants to hide from the sensation; he is sensitive, it hurts, but he finds himself wanting more of that utterly full feeling, of Hannibal's large alpha cock to fill him up until he could taste him in the back of his throat, to forget everything but the pleasure and pain this would all bring to him, to forget who he is.

"Will," Hannibal moaned into his ear, as he leaves soft kisses along places where scent glands should be. The surprisingly gentle way he mutters his name grounds him, and Will realises he was crying for a while. He grips onto Hannibal's biceps, appreciating the solid body over him.

Finally, what he wants, what he will have, will all be his. After tonight, after many nights if needed.

Wordlessly he nods, and Hannibal begins to move.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

> @ everyone who has left a comment and I didn't respond: Thank you for your horny. Also this is sort of a short chapter as i think about what to do with the future of this fic hmm

This is the third time Will was held by his throat, slammed into the wall and held up purely by Hannibal's body, as his hips pounded quickly into Will. Bite marks both new and old litter across his body, the mass of it on his shoulders and neck.

God he is so sore, but he loves it. He loves how Hannibal has lost control right after his first knot, when Will was screaming for him to go slow as he was breached. It is the trigger for a full-on rut, and Will takes it all, even when he is bleeding from the inside out.

It feels good; too much, and yet he wants more. Hannibal's arms hook under Will's armpits, fingers pressed against the wall, and he hung himself limply against those deceptively strong arms, body bouncing along each powerful thrust.

Will blurs in and out of exhaustion. It had been a full day of hard, ruthless fucking. He looks over Hannibal's shoulder, appreciating the tattered mess of torn fabric and soiled linen all over the room.

Hannibal finally sinks in, far easier this time, his hole slicked up with Hannibal's cum, and he feels the alpha's hips jerk against his as the knot inflates. The soreness feels distant now, along with the pain. All he craves is the next knot.

Hannibal pants noisily against his scarred shoulder, kissing and sucking more bruises against red-purple splotches, muttering in various inflections of European languages.

Just as fast as that had happened, he lets Will fall to the ground, the beta curling to his side with a groan.

He needs a rest, at least eat *something* , but he is hauled back onto his knees purely by his hair. It hurts, the pinpricks of sharp pain against his scalp as rough fingers curled around them, and Will weakly grabs at the hand that is holding him up.

He whines, trying to placate him with omega-like sounds, but Hannibal isn't impressed. He pushes Will's head against his cock, already starting to harden.

Will closes his eyes and starts tonguing at the salty-bitter tip of his cock.

On the rare occasion that Will passed out from sex, it was far more blissful. Time had skipped ahead of him, and he always found himself fucked face down, his ass held firmly and fucked wantonly into. The pleasure rises as he wakes from his unconscious state, and the orgasm was always so mind-numbingly good. It was painful, but it was such a delicious sensation he begged to have more. Hannibal obliges, though Will was sure he was far too gone.

The times when both of them regained clarity, Hannibal had excused himself to get food for both of them, warmed up pieces of protein and carbohydrates that reminds Will vaguely of TV dinner, except they tastes infinitely better.

“They are not TV dinner,” Hannibal sounded offended when the beta had casually remarked upon the food as they settle into a more comfortable position, wiping Will down with a warm towel soaked in aromatic water. Will had splayed himself, face down, allowing his alpha to take care of him.

The possessive thought made him pause. *His* alpha. The confident surety to declare Hannibal as such made him flinch away from the alpha, who immediately registers the errant behaviour as abnormal. As though he had hurt him, Hannibal flips him over with ease, deft fingers checking his pulse with clinical assuredness.

“I’m fine,” He slurred with a yawn, just as he hears the man huff in mild annoyance.

“As much as I would love to give into the throes of our biological needs, I do not want you to be gravely hurt through the process.”

“Liar,” Will gives him a lazy grin. He had been thoroughly fucked without mercy. The mottled bruises along his neck strung together like a collar, and the purple-yellow blotches along his shoulders and further down is a conquering. “You are just as possessive of my body as I am. Yours, to keep. To shape.”

Hannibal mouths at his neck. Will tilts his head obediently back, letting out a strained sigh at how good the ache is. His body, now lax, is able to enjoy the thrumming pain that roils in his muscles like a sea readying to brew with the storm. He grows tenser with each suck Hannibal nurses at the bruised skin.

“Did you see yourself as a kept omega, Will? Projecting your fantasies upon our relationship since the beginning.” Hannibal’s voice is low and sultry against his ear. He shivered at the proximity, as though his voice could very well take shake and crawl into his mind, taking root there like an insidious thought. The doctor already did, if he is to be honest. All he could think of right now is his steady breath and the curling lips, possibly baring fangs at Will’s most vulnerable spot. To be torn asunder.

And Will would *let* him.

It takes a while for him to form a response, and Hannibal had time to finish cleaning up Will. He kneels between Will’s splayed thighs, sitting on his heels as his half-hard cock rouses in reaction to the submissively laxed form of the man beneath him. Will smiles, his head tilted to the side, curls a lovely brown halo around his angled face, and he blinks slow, drowsy.

Sated. Seductive. He stretches his arms high, grunting, and spreads his thighs even bigger. This is his answer.

A welcoming siren that dares him to take.

He began rubbing the wet head of his cock against Will’s abused hole, feeling it flutter and clench instinctively, both in response to discomfort and oversensitivity, and to bring him deeper still.

“Greedy boy.” A playful chastisement, and Will went from sighing lazily, to wrapping his legs around him, grounding his heels against Hannibal’s perk ass. It took him by surprise.

“If you want me to be bitched as quick as possible, fuck me now. My consent henceforth will be applied to whatever the fuck you want to do with me.” Will growls, and Hannibal presses further forward, groaning at the fluctuating grip around his cock.

“Bitch me, alpha.”

A blur of pleasure and pain, mixed with the brief moments of respite. Food, drinks, a bath, relieving oneself in the bathroom, or even sleep. But Hannibal returns with such possessive ferocity, wanting nothing but Will to be plugged full from his knot. To feel himself pumping cum into Will even if his body still does not have the omegan capacity to take him continuously, but it doesn't matter.

Will writhes and begs for Hannibal's knot nonetheless, emulating the way an omega in heat would. He takes it graciously, greedily, and in whatever shape or form he could, conscious or no. Even if he flinches and crawls away from him from time to time, Hannibal will always get to him, to fuck his cock deep within him, to hear him scream in a way that makes him shudder in delight.

Will is *his*.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Wassup I’m back-ish
A little respite

When a teacup is full, it begins to spill. As with the nature of physics and chemistry, the tea cup accommodates as much as it is built to be.

Will Graham defied nature, defiant in the face of Gods and devils and laws. He carved a space when there is nowhere else; for what good is free will if he could not undo Creation?

Hannibal was so utterly smitten with this concept of Will. Brave, selfish Will, writhing in waves of pain-pleasure-pain as he rose and sank with the cycles of this miraculous transformation. Will, who despite his tears and wretched screams, wanted more, even when his body tore and muscle ached for rest.

Defiant, marvellous Will. Hannibal thought, as blunt fingernails curled into chafed skin as he carved space within the sobbing man, with each knot taking more from him.

Carving a space for himself and their whimsies within flesh and blood.

Hannibal could write poems and sing sonnets of this instance. Alas, he was preoccupied with trying to make sure Will’s body bloat with his virile seeds until his true transformation happened.

It had been another week since Will uttered a coherent sentence that did not start or end with a plea. Hannibal had laid the exhausted man on the floor while he cleaned up, knowing that his rut is about to end and it would be rude to leave Will in a puddle of his own sweat and slick.

Not that it truly mattered. Hannibal should at least have the decency to make sure Will is clean and safe for the last leg of this marathon.

Will was sleeping soundly, as soundly as one could curled amongst dirtied bedsheets and soiled linens. Hannibal watched the man’s breathing slow, rising to a crescendo, and falling back quietly. He was truly exhausted.

With everything freshened up and changed, Hannibal carried Will back onto the bed, into soft black silk that leaves him shivering.

”Sweet Will,” Hannibal purred, hovering over him. He was far more gentle now, having past the frenzied height of his rut. Now, he wanted to protect and soothe his mate.

Mate?

The thought of Will becoming his mate was an amusing one. Will has endless potential to be anything, to become anyone. Should he be shackled to fate, or should he be free to choose? Even if the latter has the endless possibility of making Hannibal utterly alone.

A terrible feeling indeed, to be left wanting, aching.

Will stirred lazily from his sleep, groaning as he stretched his aching muscles. All manners of bruises and cuts have begun to discolour, with Hannibal focusing more of making love to him than to fuck him senseless. It was an act of mercy, because even if the both of them wanted to defy nature, they were still of nature.
For now.

For now, Hannibal smiled at the sleepy man below him, who then smiled back with a tired grin.

”Hi,” Will spoke, throat croaking from screaming so much.

Hannibal only maintained his smile, combing away the sweaty curls framing Will’s face and caressing his cheek. He purred, and Will tried to purr back poorly.

”We are almost there,” Hannibal assured him, as Will sighed into his hand. He felt around his own stomach, wincing at the sheer heaviness of being so utterly stuffed with cum. The stretch was not unpleasant; strange, but there was a reassuring weight to it all.

”Almost.” Will hummed, knowing that it was only a matter of time. Perhaps one or two more rounds of being fucked senseless into new sheets, or even sucking Hannibal off should his sore ass become a little too overused.

”Rest for now. We don’t have to rush this anymore. My seeds are to take root from within you, and you will become truly transcendent.”

Will did not protest, but his sigh of indignation was more than enough of an answer. Hannibal only kissed him in the silence.

They looked upon each other, thoughts zipping between slow beats of their hearts. There were no need for words when their actions for the past days had been more the suffice.

”I will become yours.”

Chapter 8

Hannibal had told him it would not be long.

It was a goddamn lie.

The end of his rut also ended his stamina apparently. Hannibal seemed to return to normalcy, cooking, cleaning, taking care of business, whatever that may be. Meanwhile Will was kept chained up to the bed with nothing but a butt plug to ensure that when his heat take root so does his pregnancy. Possessiveness post-rut for an alpha was a common occurrence; the biological need to nurture and protect was just as present in alphas as with in omegas. Will wondered what *that* would be like, to cave into instincts that demands teeth and blood and heat and would not take no for an answer. His eyes closed, shuddering at the thought.

His body was really taking its time.

As much as he wished the process would be faster if Hannibal was here to ensure so, he knew Hannibal's muses were as fleeting as the wind when it comes to giving him much needed attention. "I did say it will take time," Hannibal reassured Will one afternoon, cleaning him with a warm towel as Will sat obediently, his cock half-hard from the miserable stimulation caused by his plug. Hannibal had promised to take care of him, to give him what he wanted, but this- Will breathed a little hard, exasperated, and Hannibal caught the sound as his sharp gaze flicked up to meet Will's.

"Being an omega is more than just a body to breed into, Will. I intent to take care of you, mind and body," *And soul.* Will bit his tongue at that, but allowed Hannibal to return to wiping down his neck, arms, chest. "And I have appearances to keep. For you to present as a suitable mate, I myself have to prove worthy."

"I'm not here to mate."

"I am." Hannibal's lips twitched to a smile, though it looked more like a threat to Will.

Will levelled a steady glare at Hannibal, who merely continued to wipe the man down with little regard.

”Legs, please.”

Will opened his thigh up, his cock stirring to almost full hardness and the prospect of being able to find relieve in Hannibal’s careful hands. The alpha however, completely ignored it, and wiped from the sensitive insides of his thighs and out.

”I believe you can clean yourself up if I leave you to it?” Hannibal glanced up, eyes dark with amusement and something far more dangerous.

Will half-shrugged. “Does it matter whether I’m cleaned by your hands or mine?” Barriers transgressed and destroyed, and the ridiculousness of giving Will a modicum of modesty was

funny to him.

”No, I guess not.” Hannibal smiled, as though he had shared the same sentiment. He dipped the cool towel into the heated basin of water, and started cleaning Will’s balls. It was oddly comforting, less so arousing now, when Hannibal seemed to make sure not to jostle around too roughly. Will was still very sore after all, and his cock was chafed despite its neediness.

The warm towel wrapped gently around his shaft, and Will sighed as he finally released the tension in his muscles he had not realised he had been holding. He laid back, allowing Hannibal to do as he pleased.
And Hannibal seemed thoroughly pleased as he stroked Will deliberately, while using the towel to dab and wipe at the leaking head.

Will closed his eyes, having half the mind to drift off into the quiet of his stream, and letting his body succumb to the comforting pleasure of an alpha taking care of him.

There was a click of a tongue and Will’s eyes snapped open to see Hannibal’s looking straight at him, through him.

”I would hope you are present to enjoy this,” Hannibal thumbed at the tip, pressing at the slit and Will’s hips jerked in reaction to that. “Or you’d rather a more intimate aftercare?”

”Well, *Dr Lecter*,” Will drawled. “Whatever happened to taking care of me? I’m being passive for you. Is that not enough?”

Hannibal huffed, still amused despite how Will had talked back at him. He would consider it rude, but it was Will, and there are concessions to be had with his dear boy.

”I want you to be present in all the rituals of an alpha’s aftercare.”

”This is not typical aftercare,” Will smirked. “And you’re no typical alpha.”

”Precisely.” Hannibal said that with a tone of finality. His grip tightened around Will’s cock and he hissed, almost trying to withdraw when a strong arm wrapped around Will’s hips and pulled him forwards. The chain around his collar pulled taut and Will choked in surprise.

”Now, let me take care of you.” Hannibal purred, stroking him faster as Will winced, one hand scrabbling to tug the collar loose while the other trying to slow Hannibal’s hand down. Both of which are utterly failing as arousal builds, and builds, and builds-

Hannibal lets go of Will and he scrambled backwards, heaving large gasps of air.

“You’re clean now.”

”Asshole.” Will rubbed at his neck, glaring daggers. His cock barely flagged, desperate and twitching.

”I’ll need you to be in a low state of arousal so my seeds would more readily survive fertilisation. I would prefer to see multiple pups alive.” Hannibal wiped his hand on the towel, once again cooled from the ambient air.

”I’ve not turned yet.” Will muttered, a pang of fear and regret starting to turn his stomach upside down. The bitching process was never a guarantee. There were ways to increase success rates, but it was a non-zero rate of failure.

Will might be one of those cases.

Hannibal seemed unperturbed as he started making sure the bed was clean and dry. “In that case I do have a few more tricks up my sleeve.”

Why then, Will wondered as he watched Hannibal take his leave, did that sound like damnation?

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